

Locked in a Cave

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Summary: Tex decides that Caboose is hiding who he really is and intends to find out. Things don't exactly go as planned. Caboose/Tex. M to be safe... Definitely M. Red vs. Blue belongs to Roosterteeth Productions and Halo belongs either Bungie or 343 Industries... Can't remember.

1. Plans gone wrong

Tex couldn't help but wonder, 'What if Caboose was only putting on an act? What if it was just to attract attention?' And every time she tried to prove her theory, Caboose would shoot it down. This time she was intent on getting the truth out, one way or another.

Blood Gulch Caves

"Are you here scary lady!?" Caboose yelled out in the caverns, the entrance being blocked. "Scary lady?" His voice almost mute now, complete darkness engulfing him. He knew what was going on, and he was determined not to fall to a puny, psycho mind break. So, he still acted as stupid as an enraged ox. Knowing nothing at all.

"C'mere Caboose, I need to talk to you." The only familiar feminine voice besides his family echoed in the caves. Being with a 'homicidal bitch with no heart' was bad enough, but locked in a cave with her? Caboose didn't move, only tilted his helmet, looking around.

"Do you think I'm an idiot? Because if so then I'll kill you with your own pinky." Caboose stared down at his hand then he felt for the hidden gun. "Do you mean this?" He swiveled, so much he hit something metallic with the back of his hand, something at a level a few inches below his waist.

"The fuck? Did you just... You son of a co-" Tex didn't finish as Caboose wildly swung in his previous direction, hitting Tex's helmet. Normally Caboose was pretty calm, it took a lot of patience to act stupid and take insult after insult 24/7. But the one thing that made

him snap, was someone insulting his mother. He kept pounded where he thought Texas was at, and when he couldn't find her... Well, she won't be able to walk for a while, when he does.

"You know Agent Texas; it's pretty hard being me. Everyone calling me names, emotionally destroys somebody and I actually become this persona, but since you had to say that, PHRASE of my mother's being, I feel like being a smart person, a man who can think, remember to always make sure that you have the clip unloaded, and that YOU have the knife."

Lights flashed on Caboose blinking rapidly as the sudden change of visibility improved. He saw Texas helmet, and such a sorry state it was. Dents and cracks covered it, the visor smashed, red pooling below the chine of it. Texas took off her helmet and spat at Caboose's feet. How was a first grader with fancy words going to beat her? Simple; you stab them in the gut. That was exactly Caboose's plan when he blindly charged Tex.

Tex disappeared and reappeared right behind Caboose, gun in a pistol-whip fashion. She smashed across the blonde's head, the only reaction a swift turn about, knife in a stereotypical back stab position. He curved the blade towards Tex's stomach, barely skimming the protective mesh.

"Bastard. What's your other secret? Secret military spy scumbag?" Tex said, casually backing a step from the blade.

"Nope. I'm a stupid rookie remember. Now, look out behind you." Caboose replied, making Tex glance for a split second, enough for Caboose to pick her up by the stomach and slamming her into the wall. Pinned against the wall, Tex had no leverage, her legs dangling above the ground, the rest of her held by Caboose. Leaning near Tex's head, Caboose whispered in her unprotected ear, "Let's see who's trapped now."

"What are you doing!?" Tex yelled as she struggled against Caboose. She doubted Maine could beat Caboose in a match of British fisticuffs at the moment. She struggled a bit more, Caboose just blankly watching her. Finally, Tex gave up and looked at Caboose, visor still blocking his face. 'Just make a proposal, besides what's he gonna want that's gonna make you say no?' "Wait, maybe we can make this beneficial... for both of us?"

Caboose stood there, visor still staring at Tex. Finally, Caboose moved, releasing Tex and instead forcing her to her knees and making her turn around. Kneeling down and pulling off his helmet he whispered, "And? What would I get, when I could do to you whatever I want right now." To prove his point he gently bit Tex's ear and slowly forced her down onto her stomach. "I hold all the strings, I'm the slave master and you are the slave. How about I do something... ravishing." He started to nibble Tex's ear and jawline, the black clad Freelancer helpless to it all. The only thing she could do is growl dangerously low. Still nibbling, Caboose licked her jawline, making the woman's breath hitch.

Careful to make sure Tex couldn't escape, Caboose turned her over and began to massage her arms. Finding the clasps for the armor he removed the arm covers, protective black mesh the only thing between the limbs skin and Caboose's armored hand. Becoming impatient, he

ripped off the chest plate, making Tex redouble her efforts to break free. She bucked up against only making him smile devilishly. He teased her nerves as he danced his fingers to the zipper of the protective mesh. Wild eyed, Tex again tried to escape, only to be thwarted by Caboose's weight.

"I wonder what a lovely body could be hidden."

2. Chapter 2

**Well, I'm back with another chapter and boy did those watches catch me off guard. Sorry for the late updates, but my mind works on a miracle worker system. Flashes of inspiration hit me and then I have to write it down before the inspiration gets the hell outta Dodge.

>

The fact that I actually got views surprised me. Should be more RvB fics on here though, shame. Remember, Read and then get on with life.

**"Madness is rare in individuals, but in groups, parties, nations and epochs, it is the law." - Friedrich Nietzsche
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><p>Tex couldn't move, not with the knee that was digging into her back. She was trapped, her own plan backfiring. An attempt to look into somebody, even though it was an a so-called 'idiot'. So now she was trapped, in a cave, with Caboose, who was currently walking his fingers over to the zipper on the back of her mesh skin suit. He stopped, placing the palm of his hand on the small of her back. Almost entranced, he slides his hand over her entire back, massaging it. He leans over and nibbles the chin of the Freelancer. The body beneath him is silent, so Caboose rolls Tex over, and forces her to look at him.<p>

"You don't have to make me hurt you. Don't need questions floating about more than usual." Tex wouldn't give him the satisfaction of her talking. Not even the usual insults of what she calls the Reds. "You really did ask for it, ya know?"

Blue Base :

"Hey, what's Tex doin'? Where's Caboose?" Tucker asked, Playboy magazine in hand.

"That's a pyscho bitch and a dumbass out of our hair, deal with it." Church replied.

"Good point."

Back in the cave :

Tex thrashed and arched as Caboose endlessly pounded his fists into her body. He wouldn't let up, slowly beating her into submission. He grabbed a lock of her hair and pounded her head into the stone floor, each time he muttered a word incomprehensible to the human ear. He

finally let up, arms dangling by his side. Looking at his hands he saw little blood, but the floor was adorned with it. He grabs Tex by the shoulders and forces her to stand. Handing her the armor that was pulled off he watches as Tex wobbles over to the cave wall.

"Put it back on, don't need questions. And don't even try, it was unloaded anyway." Tex feebly dropped the pistol a shot went off. "... Well I'll be damned!" Caboose continued walking anyway, leaving Tex to clean up herself. The red headed soldier fell over and went under the blanket of unconsciousness. Later she awoke in the same state with Caboose looking at her, eating an apple. Looking around, she caught sight of a plate of cookies and a glass of orange juice.

"Well, are you goin' to eat or what? That stuff Donut or should I say Pvt. Biscuit, made is delicious. Orange Juice is the gravy for it." Tex just stared at the cookies before realizing what a broken piece of porcelain could do. She inched her way to the plate of cookies and casually ate them and then... That damned girly side that everyone has when it comes to food came out. All she could think was more of the cookies and DAMN YOU DONUT FOR HIDING THESE!

She wolfed down the cookies and stared suspiciously at the glass of Orange juice. Never really cared for oranges but she needed something to wash down the remnants clinging to her throat, so she gulped it down in a hurry. Caboose stood there silently watching as Texas wolfed down the food and drink he brought. As soon as Tex finished the meal laid out for her, two arms lifted her off the floor carried and flattened her against the cave wall. Caressing her chin, he forcefully smashed his lips against that of Tex's. She tried to fight against the brute crushing her, but he only retaliated by leaning more against her. The freelancer gave up a few seconds later.

Caboose felt down her sides as he rolled his tongue on Tex's lips, pushing for entrance to her mouth. She refused to open her mouth to the cock-bite in front of her. Besides, It'd ruin her rep. So as she defied Caboose, the Blue hovered his hand over her stomach and balled it into a fist. He punched Tex in the stomach, allowing entrance to her mouth, Caboose's tongue traveling the cavern. Completely dominating the freelancer's mouth, he rested his hands on her hips, feeling the curves of her toned body. Texas tried to push the 'moron' off again, only to be roughly jabbed, a muffled yelp of pain escaping her mouth.

'Oh god' The trapped freelancer thought, 'I'm going to be raped because of an author.'

'**It could be Church or Tucker... Or Grif.**'

'...'

**'Tex? Oh great, mind-fucked while being slowly induced into the physical process... I've really got to stop breaking the fourth wall.'

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><p>And yes everyone, I did break the 4th wall... That was

the first time I've ever done that. I feel somewhat proud... I should do like something really fucked up, like get MLP (Just trollin'... Unless you're into that. XD) or take a Sentinel from Resistance and have him take a prototype Chimeran teleporter to the RvBverse.
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**So yeah, Hope you liked it. Sorry once again for the late update and remember to DRINK YOUR FUCKING ORANGE JUICE! WITH CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES! :P
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3. Chapter 3

**So we are back to this really fucked up fan fiction... Who else thought that, 'Wow, he really should've made it Church?' 'Cause too bad. Sorry insanity slipped, but I digress. Thank you for the support and reviews. I'm accepting help and also from today to the time mentioned in the next chapter, I'll be hosting Far Cry 3 parties on the PS3. I'll also be holding Skype chats and other things. Unless I forgot something, ALLONSY! I'd also like to thank Cocasprite for the help added into this.
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><p>While Tex laid in a horrified stupor, Caboose took full advantage of the time to look over the body he was about to take. The curves, the toned muscles, the... Meh, they could be better. The point is that Caboose liked what he was looking at, and hopefully he could at least make it interesting. After all, Tex did like being free. Just add some ropes and gags, maybe a whi-... Okay, leave that for later, but yeah, should be ready to go.<p>

Unconsciously dropping Tex, he began to think about all the possibilities that could present themselves while he ravishes the red-head beneath him. **(A/N : While I know that Tex is a blonde, she will always be that spitfire red-head in my story. So, *puts on bomb suit* bring the hate.) **While his pondering carried on, the dropping of the woman beneath him woke her from the stupor that she was in, dazed and hazy. She looked up from saw upon her captor, a devilish grin and realizes that she can't escape from the torture she is to endure. A voice was heard outside the cave and Caboose stop his advances. Swiveling towards the entrance, he looked at Tex and said, "We'll have to this again sometime. Can't do this while someone is snooping around." Putting on his helmet, he walked his way out of the cave and put on his childish demeanor. When Church sees him he yells out to the 'retarded' rookie, "Hey Caboose, what were you doing in the cave."

"Oh you know, just talking to the mean lady. It was very nice, even though she was mean about it." Caboose replied, his grin hidden by the Cobalt blue helmet. Even though Church had his suspicions, he carried on as if nothing was wrong. I mean, what harm can a retard like Caboose do anyway.

**Meanwhile in the Cave**** : ** Texas was stuck in a miserable position where she could do nothing but cry and complain. Silently talking to herself, "I had my own suspicions but nothing like this appeared in my mind. Oh Alice, what have you done with yourself now."

As she struggled against her restraints, she heard a voice from outside the cave. "Hey Tex, are you alright in there?" Church walked further into the cave and saw Texas struggling against her bonds. He moved to help her out and removed the rope and gag. As Tex silently cried in his arms, he made futile attempts to comfort her. When he asked who did this atrocious act, he was replied with a barely audible whimper of, "Caboose."

Confused, he asked again who did this and was supplied with an almost ear-bleeding scream/rant of, "THAT GOD DAMNED POSER, THAT STUPID FUCKING COCK-BITE!" Startled by the sudden outburst, he recoiled slightly from the short-fused woman in his arms. Attempting to soothe her he slowly raked his hand through her hair. While the two slowly sat in the deep, dark, and dank corner of the cave, Caboose realized that he could've done something only amateurs would do... Forget the soundproofing.

... What? Usually it's just a hidden basement but in Blood Gulch, 'What happens in the cave, stays in the cave.', is the closest thing possible to soundproofing. And because without soundproofing someone is bound to get curious, and when someone gets curious, it's usually Tucker looking for women... The relentless hunt for women... Pervert... Oh god, what did Caboose do to be in Blood Gulch? Digression aside, Caboose merely shrugged off the worry in hopes that no one looks into it and hopefully his dirty little secret can stay hidden.

* * *

><p>I realize that this is a short chapter... I believe around maybe high 500's, low 600's. I'm just running low on juice, anxiety problems with my sister and what not. However, while updates are few and far between, this story isn't abandoned... Like that toy you keep no matter what.<p>

End
file.